February 12, 1983

[redacted]
Forestville, CA 95436

Monroe Institute of Applied Sciences
P. O. Box 57
Afton, Virginia

Dear Robert Monroe:

I am a 60 year old woman of pratical good sense who had always been intrigued with the occult and supernatural, nevertheless. In late 1981, a friend of mine loaned me your book, Journeys Out of the Body. I read it with great interest and was most impressed with your practical objective reporting of your experiences. I returned the book to my friend without reading Chapters 16 and 17 because I felt life was enough to handle on this plane. I gave little more thought to you or your book, but felt that what you experienced was real, at least for you.

In November, 1982, I had a spontaneous out of the body experience. A very simple one.

> Having had some rather shattering personal problems of late, I have been waking up about 4 a.m. and practicing some relaxation exercises given me by my therapist. On the edge of sleep, I experienced a sudden shock and then vibration. I remembered Monroe's 180 degree turn technique and separated from my body. I left my bed, went out the front door, opening it first, down our road, turned right, put my hand through a solid telephone pole, brought it back out, then found myself on the other side. I thought, "don't go too far." I came back in, not opening the door and re-entered my body by doing a reverse 180 degree turn. I lay there thinking, "My goodness, it is really possible."

I borrowed your book back from my friend and re-read it, still not convinced I wanted to pursue things any further.

On January 11, alone in the house, I darkened the livingroom, lay down on my eight foot couch, not convinced even though I had read your instructions this time. The couch is the only piece of furniture in the no/ so. position:

> I lay down at 2:15. Nothing. I was awake. Heard clock strike 2:30, 3:00, 3:30. I turned over. Concentrated hard on my piano (eyes closed, of course) Definitely got vibration or strong painless electric shock around legs. Mentally tried to draw into circle around body and up. Couldn't get feeling above my upper thighs, but it surged up and down my legs. Warm sensation, cessation. I was breathless. Felt I had to tell someone, called my friend.

Not really afraid but feel I couldn't continue because I was shocked into my conscious by my success.

Going in: not tired
not hungry
well
room warm
covered

Coming out: breathless and excited
not tired
well
room cool, fire out in wood stove
still covered, nothing disturbed.

On Wednesday, Jan. 12 on my way to a meeting in an unfamiliar area, I got lost. Had automobile accident in which I went into a deep ditch and had to be pulled out of the car. I was alone. My thoughts after that were that there had to be a safer way to travel. This jolt made me decide I would concentrate on exploring out of the body experiences.

Saturday, January 22, 1983. Yesterday, I rearranged bedroom furniture so that bed is now no./so. Harmon went to work at 5:45. I stayed in bed, followed directions that I reviewed yesterday.

Concentrated on wood stove. Bedroom door open, could hear snap and crackle of wood. Concentrated on breathing. Felt downward relaxation, not aware of feeling, unless some tingling. Dry or lack of taste in mouth. Clock struck 5:30, 6:00, maybe 6:30. Bored, nothing happening. Blackness or nothingness behind eyelids changed to deep blue with chartreuse shapes forming and reforming, quickening of excitement, focus on shapes. Felt jolting, pheached "arms" out. Felt bookshelf support, books, in corner of room well out of reach. Without moving, stretched "arms" above body. Lifted up and out. Standing beside bed upright--no feeling of touching floor. Afraid to look back to body, too much work getting concentration. Moved to livingroom. Too crowded to "revel in feeling of freedom."

Out front door. Rainy day. Unfamiliar dog--wet--approached me. I spoke to him. We moved off. Large puddle in road. My thought, never allowed to go into puddles, never allowed myself to. Stepped in down to waist, dog followed. Felt like Old River, slimy warm, full of weeds. Waded out. Apparently dry. Dog followed, shaking himself. With no thought of destination, stretched arms forward and flew!!

Arrived at garden party. Well dressed women standing around talking. Not the kind of women I now associate with, but like those I knew when in PTA. Approached familiar looking woman. Invisible, I could hear snatches of conversation, but do not remember them. Stepped between Elw, who looked stressed. Reached between her and friend. Took her by shoulders and massaged back of neck and sh. till stressed look relaxed. Decided I'd been out long enough.

Returned to body. Felt molocules merge. Opened eyes after a few moments. Tingling feeking for at least ten minutes. 8:15. Got up and dressed, very energetic.

2/8/83 Got "out" again. Woke 5 a.m. By now it is impossible not to initiate relaxation techniques.

Cats growling somewhere between front door and fence. Got up, went to bathroom. Tried to relax. Got up, opened front door, hissed at cats. Tried again to relax. Dogs on corner barking. Smaller dog yiped as if other one had snapped at it. My feeling was irritation and some frustration. I wasn't going to be able to either sleep or experiment.

Green and blue patterns behind eyes strong. Leaned into them. Heard Harmon turn over, heard clock strike 6. Even so, vibrations came on very strong. I thought, Oh, wow, I'm going to do this after all. Could still hear dogs.

Heard Harmon move, thought he was going to bathroom, reached out "arms" toward bookcase. They stretched. Impatient, I lifted up and out before feeling anything with "hands". Looked back, saw myself sleeping. Went to door, felt cold of knob, thought: Wonder if I can leave it open. No feeling of pulling door open, just me on other side.

Didn't want to waste time. Went to front door, again feeling of touching metal door knob, and then
fresher air of outside and cooler.

Took up flying position. Flew in spurts like against strong headwind. Thought: I'll get better with practice. Turned somersalts and handsprings. Flying again, kept touching down. Ground "felt" dry and powdery on feet. Thought: Didn't know I'd feel ground. Wondered at dryness when it was actually raining and ground wet and muddy. "Felt" sidewalk as reached outskirts of Sebastopol. People getting into cars to go to work. Dressed warmly and carrying umbrellas. Pushed open car doors closed and wondered if I really did and did owners wonder.

Interacted with several poodle dogs in someone's front yard. Recognized house. Snapped fingers at dogs who wagged tails and stretched toward me. I made noises with my mouth. Man coming out of door and down steps stared at dogs, then thumped one on end of nose. Not wanting to get one kicked, I moved on.

Tried hurrying up flying by really laying into it. Had feeling I'd been gone too long and might be late for my school. (I really do go to school at 60) Abandoned half formed idea of visiting friend. Thought of body. No sense of flying back. Just re-integration. First physical feeling that of my own hand on shoulder, finger tapping. Some minutes for feeling other than tingling to return throughout body.

Other thoughts during trip:

My friend will be surprised.

Now I can write to Robert Monroe

I'll have more to tell my therapist

Time on opening eyes, 7:15

Very refreshed.

My peripheral vision seems to be rather poor during flight, otherwise normal.

I now seemed commited to pursue these activities and I need to know if there is a local group, as I feel the need for support and sharing. Forestville and Sebastopol are near Santa Rosa in Sonoma County, California. I live about 65 miles north of San Francisco and seldom visit there.

Please send me information about the Monroe Institute and names of anyone in my area, or if someone would like to get in touch with me by telephone, call [redacted] most evenings.

Thank you for being the pioneer. I was able to go out with little panic and fear because of you.

Sincerely,

[redacted]